

everything else has gone wrong

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/48250048) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/48250048>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Dream SMP
Relationships:	Wilbur Soot & TommyInnit , Jschlatt & Wilbur Soot , Alexis Quackity & Wilbur Soot
Characters:	Wilbur Soot , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF) , Alexis Quackity , Niki Nihachu (mentioned)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Modern Setting , Shapeshifting , Clairvoyance , crimeboys actually do a bit of crime , Shapeshifter Wilbur Soot , Action/Adventure , Telepathic Bond
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-06-30 Words: 5,453 Chapters: 1/1

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by [bonesandthebees \(bonesandcacti\)](#)

Summary

"I'm going to lead them away," Wilbur said, his voice cracking as his vocal chords changed. "You go find a place to hide and guide me, got it?"

Tommy's eyes widened. "Are you fucking crazy?! If they catch you-"

"They won't," Wilbur promised, and Tommy flinched at their now identical voices. "I need you to tell me where to go though to get them off my tail. Got it?"

Although Tommy looked like he wanted to argue, after a moment, he groaned and reached for the hem of his sweatshirt. "At least put this on, fucking dumbass!"

Pulling Tommy's sweatshirt over his head, Wilbur tugged a strand of hair down and breathed a sigh of relief seeing it was blonde. Footsteps echoed at the front of the alley, and Wilbur nodded at Tommy as he took a step back.

"Nothing's wrong?" He asked, gesturing to his face.

Tommy grimaced. "I hate when you do this."

"Tommy."

"You're fine! You look exactly like me and it's fucking weird!" Tommy exclaimed.

or, crimeboys ripped off the wrong guy and now they're being chased. Wilbur comes up with a risky plan to lead them away.

Notes

hey guys

so I wrote this yesterday in a few hours after coming up with an idea out of the blue, and I intended to publish it today not realizing that today was the one year anniversary of techno's passing being announced. I debated whether to wait until tomorrow to post it, but then decided to post it anyway because I figured some people might be looking for something to take their mind off of things

this is just a fun action-packed one shot with some cool powers in it if you wanna escape reality for a bit, so make sure to take care of yourselves today and I hope you enjoy :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The streets were crowded at this time of day.

Humidity made the air even thicker than it already was with so many bodies crushed so closely together. Sweat beaded on the back of Wilbur's neck as he twisted between the figures, his right arm stretched too far behind him as he pulled Tommy with him as fast as he could.

"If you think you can run, Tommy, you're a fucking idiot!" Schlatt shouted behind them.

Wilbur ignored him, instead picking up the pace when he heard pounding footsteps behind him. Tommy yelped as he squeezed between two elderly ladies, muttering out an apology that got cut off halfway through as Wilbur yanked him forward.

His heart pounded in his ears. The smell of hot asphalt burnt his nostrils. Acrid steam wafted up from a manhole cover, making Wilbur wince.

They couldn't keep going like this. The footsteps behind them were getting louder, and when Wilbur glanced up, he saw even more of Schlatt's cronies pushing their way through the foot traffic on the other side of the street. It wouldn't be long before they were cornered.

Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck. He needed to buy time. A minute where Schlatt's guys couldn't see them. That's all it would take.

Find us a place to hide, Wilbur said silently, pushing the thought towards his brother. *Keep moving. I'll guide you.*

Behind him, he felt Tommy's hand squeeze his. He squeezed back, and glanced over his shoulder to see Tommy had shut his eyes. Wilbur yanked him along faster, leading him away from a fire hydrant he was going to run into and making sure he didn't trip over a curb.

After a second,

Here! Tommy's 'voice' echoed in his mind.

Wilbur made a sharp right, ducking around the corner of a restaurant so they were off the sidewalk. Tommy took the lead, leading him through the alley and behind the restaurant so they were standing in front of a delivery truck.

"No one's here?" Wilbur asked, eyes darting around.

"Inside the restaurant," Tommy told him, pointing to the back door. "But we only have-"

"It's okay. We'll make this fast," Wilbur cut Tommy off, letting go of his hand.

He took a deep breath to try and steady his racing heart. They would be lucky if they had sixty seconds before they were found. His head buzzed but he did his best to ignore it, instead focusing on the ball of warmth in the center of his chest.

One beat.

Picture the face in his mind.

Two beats.

Let the warmth spread.

Wilbur took another breath as he felt his features begin to shift. He turned back to Tommy, now at eye level with him as he lost some of his height.

“I’m going to lead them away,” Wilbur said, his voice cracking as his vocal chords changed. “You go find a place to hide and guide me, got it?”

Tommy’s eyes widened. “Are you fucking crazy?! If they catch you-”

“They won’t,” Wilbur promised, and Tommy flinched at their now identical voices. “I need you to tell me where to go though to get them off my tail. Got it?”

Although Tommy looked like he wanted to argue, after a moment, he groaned and reached for the hem of his sweatshirt. “At least put this on, fucking dumbass!”

Pulling Tommy’s sweatshirt over his head, Wilbur tugged a strand of hair down and breathed a sigh of relief seeing it was blonde. Footsteps echoed at the front of the alley, and Wilbur nodded at Tommy as he took a step back.

“Nothing’s wrong?” He asked, gesturing to his face.

Tommy grimaced. “I hate when you do this.”

”Tommy.”

“You’re fine! You look exactly like me and it’s fucking weird!” Tommy exclaimed.

The footsteps got louder. Wilbur nodded.

“Make sure they can’t find you!”

With that, he turned on his heel and sprinted back into the alley. He stumbled when he spotted two of Schlatt’s guys—one of them being Quackity—making their way towards him, but Wilbur ducked under the first guy’s arms, and shoved Quackity away when he tried to grab him.

“Tommy, wait!”

Ignoring Quackity, he dove back into the sea of people walking down the street. He paused for a moment, looking behind him to make sure Quackity and the other guy followed him instead of running further down the alley where Tommy was, and breathed a sigh of relief when he saw they were heading right in his direction.

“There he is!” He heard someone behind him shout.

Alright. Showtime.

Now that he wasn’t dragging Tommy along with him, it was far easier to squeeze between the crowds without losing speed. The warmth in his chest was burning now, but he’d long since grown used to the pain. He could keep this up for a while before he had to change back.

Tommy, he thought as he jumped over a box on the sidewalk, *Did you find a spot to hide?*

Hang on, I think-

Tommy’s thought was cut off as a hand grabbed Wilbur’s hoodie. He yelped and stumbled back, but before he could elbow the guy holding him, pain radiated through his scalp as fingers twisted into his hair.

“There you are,” Schlatt hissed, pulling Wilbur’s hair so he was forced to hunch over. “Did you think you could really play me for an idiot? That I wouldn’t notice your little ‘party tricks?’”

“Fuck you,” Wilbur forced out between his teeth.

“Where’d that brother of yours go?” Schlatt continued, ignoring the interruption. “Did he run off without you?” His smile sharpened. “Leave you to the wolves?”

Oh, little did he know.

Wilbur stopped struggling against Schlatt’s hold, scrunching up his face like Tommy did whenever he was trying to pretend he wasn’t upset.

“Shut the fuck up!” Wilbur growled.

Schlatt tilted his head back as he laughed. The fingers in his hair loosened their grip. “Oh, that’s just fucking sad. He really left you at the first sign of trouble, huh? Guess he’s smarter than you, knowing not to fuck with-”

Before Schlatt could finish his sentence, Wilbur twisted around and elbowed Schlatt as hard as he could in the gut. Schlatt yelped as his hand fell away, and before he could gather his wits, Wilbur was already off running into the crowd again.

His head throbbed where Schlatt had grabbed him, but he tried to focus on running, and keeping the shift in place for as long as he could. In a way, it was like trying to pull something back as far as it could go—like a slingshot. Wilbur couldn’t let go, because the moment he did, he would revert back to his own face and body. But the longer he stayed transformed, the more the metaphorical hand on the slingshot would shake.

Tommy! He shouted in his brother’s head. *Where the fuck do I go?!*

FUCK! Tommy’s mental voice echoed back. *Don’t fucking shout at me with no warning you scared the goddamn shit out of-*

I'm being chased!

I KNOW give me a second!

Wilbur bit back a string of curses as he ducked around a corner and found himself swallowed by seller stands. It was a flea market of some kind, and it seemed to shut the entire street down as the crowd began to swell.

Suddenly,

Go right!

Without even bothering to look where Tommy was telling him to go, Wilbur veered right. He stumbled into a shop, the bell chiming above his head as he found himself staring down rows of vintage clothes.

Shopkeep is in the back so hurry up and grab something so you can shift-

I got it, Wilbur told him, rushing between the clothing racks as he pulled Tommy's blue sweatshirt off. He grabbed the first different-looking thing he saw, which just so happened to be a pink and orange colorblock cardigan, along with a bright yellow beanie.

Focusing on the warmth again, Wilbur took a breath to steady himself as he pulled the beanie over his hair and the cardigan on his shoulders. A new face appeared in his mind, and he opened his eyes to see his line of sight lowering as he lost height once again.

Shopkeep is coming back!

Cursing, Wilbur hurried out of the shop, keeping his head down as he finished shifting. He took the beanie off for a second to straighten out the now shoulder-length pink hair he was sporting, before putting it back on and hurrying into the crowds surrounding the seller's stands.

Hearing thundering footsteps behind him, he darted towards the first stand he saw, and tilted his head down to look like he was focusing on the cheap rings laid out in front of him instead of the men who were no doubt trying to spot a teenager with blonde hair.

"All those rings are ten dollars or less, miss," The vendor said, startling Wilbur out of his thoughts.

Wilbur's head snapped up, but tried to force a smile on his face as he nodded at the vendor. "Thank you, I'm just browsing," he replied, relieved when his voice came out feminine.

The guys are walking up behind you. Did you change? Tommy asked.

Yeah. Hopefully Niki didn't decide to come to the flea market today, Wilbur replied, idly putting a thin gold ring with a star on it over his (now much thinner) pointer finger.

There was a heavy pause in his head.

Dude, you did not shift to look like Niki. Despite the ‘voice’ in his head not sounding all that much like a real voice, Wilbur could still hear the judgement in Tommy’s words.

I had to do something completely different! He argued.

Wilbur, Tommy cut in, sounding deadly serious now, *Do you have shit for brains? You’re being chased by Schlatt and you changed into Niki? Fucking Niki?!*

...oh.

Fuck.

You’re a fucking dumbass.

It took all of Wilbur’s willpower to keep the shift in place as he pretended to care about the rings in front of him, because Tommy was right. He was a complete and utter dumbass because it somehow didn’t occur to him that Schlatt knew Niki.

The thing about shapeshifting was that Wilbur couldn’t just change into random people he saw on the street. To transform into another person, he had to study them. He had to know what they looked like from all different angles, he had to hear their voice dozens of times, and even then, it took practice to perfect a shift. There were only two faces Wilbur could confidently shift into in less than a minute, and those were Tommy and Niki. Tommy was the one he’d had the most practice with by far, and it was made even easier by the mental connection Tommy had established between them. Niki was a bit harder, but he’d known Niki for years. He had her appearance and mannerisms down to a science, even if her accent was a little difficult to mimic.

Outside of those two though... that’s where things got dicey.

Schlatt’s coming up behind you, Tommy told him. *It’s difficult to see in the crowd so I’m not sure how long you have, but if you’re gonna shift again you gotta do it asap.*

I’m in front of someone so I can’t shift. And I don’t even know who I could change into!

Oh c’mon, you were literally just practicing Jack’s face the other day.

And remember how that turned out? Couldn’t figure out how to make myself fucking bald!

Can you at least change your hair color so it’s not so noticeable?

Again, I’m literally standing right in front of-

“Holy shit, Nihachu is that you?”

Fuck. Niki was going to kill him if she found out about this.

Biting back a wince, Wilbur smoothed out his face and turned to face the very man he was trying to avoid.

Schlatt was standing right in front of him, eyebrows raised in silent question. Wilbur did his best to look surprised, and offered him a tight smile.

“Schlatt! It’s been a while, hasn’t it?” He asked, pleading to the universe that Schlatt wouldn’t notice if Niki’s accent sounded more English and less German than normal.

“Yeah, shit, it really has,” Schlatt said, nodding at him.

It was strange having to look up at Schlatt for once, and told himself that was the reason his temples were starting to throb and not because he was already getting tired from so much shifting.

For a moment, neither one of them said anything. Schlatt glanced around the market again, eyes narrowing before he looked back down at Wilbur.

“Look, I know we haven’t talked since that whole, uh, mess a while back,” Schlatt began, lowering his voice, “but I don’t really feel like going down memory lane right now and I’m sure you don’t either. I just need to know if you’ve seen someone.”

Furrowing his brows, Wilbur did his best to mimic Niki’s confused face. “Schlatt, don’t take this the wrong way, but I don’t really want to be involved-”

“Oh calm the fuck down. I’m just asking if you’ve seen Wilbur or his kid brother running around here,” Schlatt huffed.

“No, I haven’t,” he answered, frowning properly at him now.

Schlatt stared at him for a moment, his eyes narrowing even further. Wilbur curled his hand into a fist at his side, more sweat dripping down the back of his neck as he strained to keep all of Niki’s facial features in place.

After a beat, he scoffed and glanced away.

“Despite the fact that he pulled you into just as much shit as I did with both of you, you’re still protecting him,” Schlatt said, folding his arms over his chest. “Newsflash Niki, you can bitch about me all you want, but Wilbur’s no better than I am.”

Now *this* caught him off guard.

“What do you mean by that?” He asked, still struggling to get the accent right.

That sharp smile was back, like Schlatt had just been waiting for ‘Niki’ to ask. “Well, in case you didn’t know, nowadays I run a pretty decent business in the spirit of *games*. The kinds of games you can make a living off of.”

“Gambling,” Wilbur said flatly.

“Bingo,” Schlatt nodded, before frowning. “Well, I meant bingo as in, like, you got the guess right. I don’t fuck with bingo though. The elderly kinda have that market dominated.” He paused then, staring into the space above Wilbur’s head. “Y’know... that could be an

untapped demographic.” Blinking, he shook his head. “I’ll think about that later. Anyway, yeah, gambling. You know who I found out is really good at gambling recently? Wilbur’s kid brother, Tommy. For the past few weeks he’s been cleaning my whole crew out. Except you and I both know that no one is *that good* at gambling.”

Doing his best to look disinterested, Wilbur snapped, “Get to the point, Schlatt.”

“I don’t know how the fuck he does it, but Tommy’s been cheating at all the games he was betting on. So he’s basically been robbing me, and Wilbur was helping him do it. And I’m sure that I’m not the only guy they’ve been doing this to,” Schlatt explained, leaning down so they were eye to eye. “So I’m gonna ask you again, Niki. Have you seen Wilbur and Tommy?”

Clenching his jaw, Wilbur met Schlatt’s eyes without flinching. “I already told you. I haven’t.”

Schlatt stared at him again, the pounding in Wilbur’s head getting worse by the second.

A beat passed. And another.

Then, Schlatt cocked his head to the side.

“Have you always had brown eyes? Because I could’ve sworn you didn’t.”

Shit. His control was slipping.

“Oh, um, actually-” Fuck. He was so fucked. “I’m wearing colored contacts!”

Schlatt blinked, his frown dissipating as he straightened back up. “Why?”

“Just... thought I’d try something different,” he shrugged, immediately looking out at the market again. “Anyway, I’m meeting some friends soon so I gotta go. If I see Wilbur I’ll make sure to tell him you’re looking for him,” he continued, maneuvering around Schlatt to get back into the crowded street.

“Hold up-”

Before Schlatt could continue, there was a buzzing sound coming from his pocket. He held a finger up telling Wilbur to wait, before taking his phone out and pressing it to his ear.

“Yeah, Sugar Pumpkin? Did you find him?”

Slowly, Wilbur inched further into the crowd as Schlatt listened to whoever was on the other end of the line (Quackity, guessing by the nickname). After a beat, Schlatt’s face twisted into an ugly scowl.

“Are you fucking kidding me? He’s not anywhere in the market?!” Another pause. Schlatt cursed again and shook his head. “You’re fucking useless, Quackity. Can’t even find the kid

you good-for-nothing-”

Wilbur didn't stick around to hear the rest of the phone call. As soon as Schlatt wasn't looking, he hurried into the crowd, taking off the yellow beanie and shoving down the pain behind his eyes. He only had to last a few more minutes. Then he was free.

Tell me where to go now, he asked Tommy.

Fucking hell you were talking to him for a while-

We'll talk about it later. Where do I go?

There was a pause on the other end. Wilbur reached the end of the flea market, and shifted from foot to foot as he waited for Tommy to tell him which way to go.

Tommy?

Shit, sorry, it's getting hard to see. You know I can't do this for long, Tommy told him. Schlatt's guys are going back to him, so if you go around the block at this corner you can make your way back to where I'm at.

The building Tommy was hiding in suddenly appeared in Wilbur's mind, an invisible string wrapping around his chest to pull him towards his brother. Breathing a sigh of relief, he turned down the street, only to wince as the heat in his chest grew unbearable.

It was fine. He was fine. He just had to hold out for a little longer, and then he could shift back. It didn't matter that his legs were shaking or his vision was starting to spin, he just had to-

Wilbur tripped over his own feet. His headache was blinding now, dots dancing across his vision as he stumbled behind the nearest building he saw.

Wil? Why are you stopping?

I'm gonna fucking pass out if I don't shift back.

Don't do that!

I'll avoid the streets it'll be fine.

But-

Wilbur let go of the shift as soon as he was out of view of the street. He collapsed against the wall, chest heaving as he felt his own facial features shift back into their rightful places.

The burning in his chest died down. His headache began to fade. The cardigan he wore as Niki was now too short for his arms.

Wilbur sat there for a few moments, eyes shut as he caught his breath. On a better day, he could've held a shift for at least an hour. But it was the combination of all the running plus

having to shift into two completely different people in such a short span of time that had worn him out so much.

Wilbur.

Give me a minute, Tommy.

Open your fucking eyes.

There was a weight in Tommy's mental voice that sent a jolt of fear straight to Wilbur's core. His eyes snapped open, and immediately realized why Tommy had been shouting at him not to shift back.

"Please tell me Schlatt slipped shrooms into my food or something," Quackity said, standing above him with wide eyes.

Wilbur couldn't move. His limbs felt like they were made of lead as he stared up at Quackity—Schlatt's right hand man—and struggled to process the reality in front of him. That Quackity knew now. Quackity knew about his shapeshifting, which meant Quackity now knew shapeshifters existed, which also meant it wouldn't be long before he and Schlatt figured out that Tommy's cheating skills weren't just 'party tricks'.

He was a fucking idiot. Because he thought he knew better than his brother—a literal clairvoyant—they were going to have to run again.

Dread washed over him the longer he stared at Quackity's face. It twisted in his gut and made his eyes burn because he was a failure. He thought he'd finally done it. After a childhood spent running from city to city, living only off what they could carry, they'd finally found a place they could settle. A place they could build their lives in. And now they were going to have to leave it all behind again.

He needed to get up. He needed to run as fast as he could back to Tommy so they could get to their apartment and pack their things.

But he was tired. Too tired to stand, let alone run again.

Quackity was still waiting for a response.

"Would you believe me if I said it was shrooms?" Wilbur asked, raising an eyebrow at him.

Quackity blinked. "No, but it'd be an easier pill to swallow than whatever the fuck I just witnessed."

Sighing, Wilbur dropped his head against the wall he was sitting against. "If you promise not to call Schlatt over yet, I'll answer all the questions you want."

It was mostly a joke, because he knew Quackity was going to call Schlatt the moment he came to his senses. He would call Schlatt, and Wilbur would have to fight Quackity off so he could run before the others showed up, and then they'd know *everything*.

There was movement out of the corner of his eye, and Wilbur looked over to see Quackity sitting down. He winced when he nearly sat in a rancid puddle.

“What are you doing?” Wilbur asked.

Quackity took his phone out of his pocket and showed the black screen to Wilbur. Then, he placed it on the round, and slid it so it was out of reach for both of them.

“You said you’d answer my questions if I don’t call Schlatt yet,” Quackity said, sitting criss-cross in front of him. “So I’m not gonna call Schlatt.”

Wilbur frowned. “You’ve already sent him our location, haven’t you?”

“Nope. He has no clue I found you, and he doesn’t know where I am,” Quackity said, shaking his head. “I actually turned my phone off after he called me Flatty Patty for the millionth fucking time.”

Considering this for a moment, Wilbur sent a mental nudge to Tommy to get his attention.

Is anyone coming toward us right now?

Tommy groaned, and Wilbur could feel both their headaches bleeding together.

I don’t... huh, no, I don’t think so. But you’re with Big Q, right?

Yeah. He says he hasn’t called Schlatt yet. Is he telling the truth?

A pause.

I think so. Schlatt and the others are still at the flea market.

...huh.

“You really want me to answer your questions that badly?” Wilbur asked, raising an eyebrow at Quackity.

“Dude. You were a girl with pink hair, like, two minutes ago. Now you’re Wilbur Soot. I’m more than a little fucking confused,” Quackity said, giving him a flat stare. “Also Schlatt’s being a fucking prick right now, so I don’t really feel like making his day by dragging you and the kid over to him.”

Although Wilbur’s brain was screaming at him not to trust Quackity, his gut was saying the exact opposite. And despite the fact that he and Quackity had never been *friends*, they used to be... something. Something that wasn’t what they were now.

It was Wilbur’s fault for introducing Quackity to Schlatt in the first place. If he hadn’t done that, they wouldn’t have teamed up against him and pushed him out of their growing business venture, which was exactly what Wilbur had been planning on doing to Quackity. In the end, Quackity had simply played the game better than he did, and he couldn’t fault him for that.

Quackity was skilled at a lot of things, but Wilbur had played poker with him enough times to know that this wasn't a bluff.

"Fine. Where do you want me to start?"

"The basics. Treat me like I'm fucking five years old. What are you?"

Wilbur snorted. That was fair enough.

"There's not really a proper name for it, but I just call it shapeshifting. I can make myself look like other people if I want," he explained, slumping further back against the wall.

Quackity nodded. "Are there others like you?"

"I've met a few other people with abilities, but so far I haven't found anyone like me specifically."

"Your parents?" Quackity continued.

"Barely knew them."

"Tommy? Can he do anything weird?"

Wilbur paused. While Quackity would probably figure it out on his own, he wasn't going to give him any information on Tommy if he could help it.

"I only agreed to answer questions about myself, Big Q," Wilbur reminded him, giving him a pointed look.

Quackity frowned. "Fine. But does he know about..." he trailed off, gesturing to all of Wilbur.

"Yes, he knows."

"Of course," Quackity huffed, shaking his head. "Can you turn into anyone?"

"If I have time to study their face, then yes. But I can't just glance at someone and be able to turn into them."

"Can you just change one thing about you, or does it have to be a whole other person?"

"Weirdly enough, it's almost easier to turn into a whole other person," Wilbur said, tapping his fingers against the concrete he was sitting on. "That's because I'm more aware of what I look like and I can focus on keeping it all in place. If it's just one tiny thing then I tend to forget about it and let it revert back since it's less strain."

Nodding again, Quackity was silent for a moment before,

"Is that your real face?"

Wilbur snorted. “I suppose you could say that, since it’s the face I default to when I’m not trying to look like someone else.” He paused, looking at the ground. “I don’t know though. My sense of self is... a little all over the place.”

There was another silence as Quackity took this in. Wilbur made it a point to not meet his eyes.

“When Schlatt grabbed Tommy by the hair, that was you, wasn’t it?”

“Yeah, it was. Hurt like a bitch,” Wilbur said, running a hand through his hair.

To his surprise, Quackity grinned at this. “I knew something was up. You never would’ve just ditched Tommy like Schlatt thought you did.”

“Obviously,” Wilbur huffed.

Seconds ticked by. Wilbur suddenly realized their knees were almost bumping.

“Do you regret it?” Wilbur asked, his voice low. “Choosing him?”

Quackity tensed. “I thought I was asking the questions.”

“I think I deserve one considering everything I just told you,” Wilbur argued. “I’ve heard the way he speaks to you. You shouldn’t have to put up with that shit, but you do anyway.”

“Maybe mind your own fucking business, Wilbur,” Quackity snapped, his voice burning like acid. “Regrets are fucking pointless anyway. You make a choice and you live with it. Case closed.”

Wilbur gave Quackity a half-smile. “So you do regret it.”

Quackity pushed to his feet, standing over Wilbur once again. “I think I’m done with our little Q&A for today. Get the fuck out of here before Schlatt comes looking for me.”

Bracing his hand against the wall, Wilbur stumbled to his feet, his vision spinning for a moment before it finally evened out. His headache was mostly a memory now, and although his legs still shook, he wasn’t on the verge of passing out anymore.

“Well, thanks for the grace period, Big Q,” Wilbur said, taking a few steps back out to the street. “Good luck explaining all this to Schlatt.”

Quackity watched him for a moment, his expression unreadable, before saying, “I’m not going to tell him.”

Wilbur froze. “What?”

“I’m not gonna tell him about the whole... shapeshifting shit.” He paused, letting out a half-hearted snort. “He wouldn’t fucking believe me anyway.”

Frowning, Wilbur's eyes darted around Quackity's face. Then, his gaze dropped to his hands, and saw they were loose at his sides. His phone was still on the ground, the screen perfectly black.

"Why should I trust you? We know how that went last time."

At this, Quackity smirked. "You can't. But I'm not gonna say anything."

Again, Wilbur knew when Quackity was bluffing. And everything inside of him was telling him that wasn't what this was.

Unsure of how to respond to that, Wilbur simply nodded before turning on his heel and following the invisible string pulling him back to his brother. He ignored the weight of Quackity's eyes on the back of his head, and focused solely on putting one foot in front of the other.

One step. Two steps. Three-

Pausing, he glanced over his shoulder, just to see.

Quackity was gone. For some reason, this made Wilbur smile.

A few minutes later, Wilbur found himself crawling through a broken window. Tommy had holed up in an abandoned warehouse near the restaurant they'd hidden behind before—one with giant gaps in the ceiling where sunlight filtered through the haze of pollution, and dust mites floated in the air like glitter.

Wilbur was beyond exhausted. He'd overused his ability, and now he was paying the price in more ways than one. Specifically regarding Quackity. Even if he promised not to tell Schlatt now, he could hold that over Wilbur for years to come. An invisible guillotine sitting above his head, just waiting for the string to snap.

There was nothing he could do about it now though. Like Quackity said, regrets were pointless.

"Tommy?" Wilbur called out as he stumbled to the middle of the warehouse.

There was movement from a pile of empty boxes shoved into a corner, and suddenly, Tommy jumped out. His eyes were bloodshot, and there was dried blood smeared across his upper lip. Wilbur winced realizing that Tommy must've seriously been straining his abilities to help him.

"Oh thank fuck," Tommy said, before barreling straight into Wilbur.

Wilbur stumbled back, and Tommy quickly straightened up to grab Wilbur's shoulders and keep him from falling. His vision spun so he leaned into Tommy, taking a few deep breaths to steady himself again.

"You okay?" Wilbur asked once he wasn't in danger of falling again.

Tommy nodded. “My head hurts like a bitch, but that’s it.”

Breathing a sigh of relief, Wilbur tugged Tommy into a proper hug. He buried his face in his little brother’s hair, and Tommy slumped into his hold.

“What happened with Quackity?” Tommy asked, his voice muffled by Wilbur’s shirt.

“I answered some of his questions about my shifting, and in exchange he didn’t call Schlatt over,” Wilbur explained. “He’s gonna keep it a secret, I guess. I don’t know why.”

“Big Q’s not an asshole,” Tommy pointed out.

“I wouldn’t go that far.”

Tommy pulled away from the hug to give Wilbur a doubtful look. “You’re here, aren’t you?”

Well, he had a point.

“Guess so,” Wilbur sighed, leaning into Tommy’s side. “I don’t have the energy to think about it anymore though. Not tonight.”

Snorting, Tommy patted Wilbur’s back and began to lead him out of the warehouse. “Too much excitement really did you in, Wil. I ought to take you to the nursing home.”

“Fucking try it. I’ll just start singing the most annoying songs in your head all the time until you get me out,” Wilbur shot back.

Tommy scoffed. “I thought I was supposed to be the annoying one!”

“I’ve had to pretend to be you enough times that I’ve gotten good at it,” Wilbur pointed out, looking up as Tommy led them back out onto the street.

“That’s fucking slander. It takes *years* to get to my skill level of being annoying, and you saying you’re good at it just because you can change your ugly ass face to look like my super handsome one is fucking stupid, Wilbur. You’re a dumbass and a pussy and I bet you made out with Q in that alley-”

“What the fuck?! No I didn’t!”

“Oh sureeeee-”

The two continued to bicker all the way back to their apartment. And despite it all, when they walked into their living room and Wilbur saw the stacks of cash Tommy had gotten them with his gambling ‘tricks’, he couldn’t help but think that *maybe* it was worth it. Just a little.

End Notes

don't really know where I got the idea for this from. kind of just was brainstorming random things and thought of a chase scene involving shapeshifter abilities and was like "wait that actually could be really cool" and somehow created this out of it. hope you guys had fun with it!

like a lot of my one shots I might write more in this universe in the future, but also it's pretty unlikely so we'll see

anyway, hope you guys enjoyed! make sure to tell me your thoughts down in the comments below, they really make my day :)

btw I have a discord server! if you like my work and wanna talk about it with others, check it out here <https://discord.gg/HF4z3SqUgE>

hmu on tumblr and twitter @bonesandthebees

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